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CHATS WITH OUR READERS

The Imperial Library in Japan renews its order for the Korea Magazine for 1918. You will confer a favor by calling the Magazine to the attention of librarians.

. . .

Unavoidable difficulties have delayed the beginning of the series of articles on Education, but we are now assured that the materials are well in hand.

. . .

If this number of the Magazine comes to the home of a subscriber who has delayed sending a check for 1918 renewal will such an one please take this item as a kindly intimation that an early remittance will be very greatly appreciated.

. . .

Notwithstanding the increased cost of paper and printing ink, composition, presswork, and binding materials, making larger bills for publishing the Magazine, it is not our present purpose to increase the price to subscribers. Postage is no inconsiderable item in the yearly expense account, but to all who subscribe now we continue our offer of mailing to any part of the world post free for four yen or two dollars per year.

. . .

For the benefit of our readers who may not know how some men pray, or the need for it, we print the following from the "Nashville Christian Advocate," an account by the editor of the closing of a conference meeting given over to the consideration of Christian literature: "Then came in Abe Mulkey. He was called upon to conclude with prayer. He never dreamed that he would be called upon. He offered a prayer the like of which I had never heard. I was told that that was the way they pray 'down in Texas.' For the benefit of long-suffering editors I hereby reproduce that prayer which I transcribed from shorthand: "Heavenly Father, this is the first meeting of this kind I ever was in. This is a service devoted to the *Advocates*. We are glad to look into the face of Dr. Ivey. We have been subscribing forty years to his paper. We have looked forward with pleasure to its appearance every week. We peruse its pages carefully. We are helped by it in every way. Lord, continue to bless the paper. We are glad to hear Dr. Bradfield talk on our *Texas Christian Advocate*. We are paralyzed to hear the report made by its publisher, Brother Blaylock. God have mercy on these rascals who have defrauded this man of his just dues. The idea of a man buying a paper and not paying for it is as bad as buying a Bible and not paying for it. Lord, we do not know what is to become of a man who will read a religious paper and not pay for it. We cannot imagine where he expects to go. Have mercy upon the abominable rascals. Amen."



PO-TONG GATE, PYENGYANG
ALMOST A THOUSAND YEARS OLD



POOL-GOOK PAGODA, KYUNG-JU
ERECTED ABOUT 751 A. D.

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Editorial Notes.

TO daily seek and find another with more knowledge than himself would be an easy task for almost anyone here in the East. Even before he leaves the house he is under obligation to the Korean who prepares his rice for breakfast. It is true that he or his wife learned how to cook rice before coming here, but he will be the first to acknowledge a woeful lack of skill when his efforts are contrasted with the savory bowl of rice which finds its way daily to his table. Of the making of breakfast-foods there is no end, but the Korean cook surpasses the experts in preparing a dish that is staple for old and young every day in the year. And when his week-end guest is departing he is at the mercy of the jiggy-coolie, for without him his trunk will never reach the station. It may take two or three men to lift the trunk and place it on the jiggy, but once there the jiggy-coolie will stoop to his knees, carefully adjust the straw ropes over his shoulders, grasp his stout stick with both hands, stiffen his back, and with veins like whip cords slowly rise to his feet, then trot off a mile to the railway station with a burden the owner with all his knowledge and skill could not lift from the floor. He himself may be a college graduate, and at one time the honor-man of his class in both Greek and Hebrew, but now he finds a need for knowledge he does not possess and asks a Chinaman to whom he speaks in English to interpret his words to another Chinese who knows no English. And the interpreter in turn calls a third Chinaman who can speak a different dialect, and makes himself understood by his own countryman. In the meantime the coolie-boy on the street without the privilege of a single day in a school of either high or low degree will follow him from shop to shop and explain to mysified Japanese tradesmen what this foreigner cannot

explain for himself, and then in turn translate for the foreigner the strange hieroglyphics that must surely have a meaning but which are worse than Choctaw to him. The morning is but commenced, yet he has not met a person to whom he could not bow as to one having superior knowledge, certainly knowledge he does not possess, and perhaps for him beyond possibility of attainment.

ANTIQUARIAN STUDY.

There is always a door of opportunity open to those who live in Korea for the making of the acquaintance of many ancient remains. While Korea is not ancient in the sense that Egypt and Greece are ancient, it is, compared with our countries, a very old land indeed. Its real greatness, too, pertains to the past, and evidences of it are seen in the ancient footprints that remain to invite investigation and to delight the passer.

New comers may ask what to look for, and the writer would suggest in reply: Buildings, Keui-ja's temple in Pyongyang stands to-day firm on its base though built in 1325 A. D. To think that in a land where posts rot so easily, and where eaves break and give way, that any form of wooden structure would outlast the slash of wind and weather for 600 years is astounding. What master-builders they must have been in those days. This house takes us back to the Battle of Bannockburn when Edward II was on the throne of England. Marco Polo had only been dead a year when it was built. Could it but speak, what a story of the yellow East it could tell.

Older than this house is the pavilion that stands over the Pyengyang River in the Park, the Poo-pyuk Noo. It has been repaired at times, but the main pillars and beams have evidently been there since about 1100 A. D. Kim Poo-sik writes poems about it and he died in 1151. It saw the days of the first Crusade and the good St. Bernard. Koryu must surely have been a powerful nation with hammer and trowel to build as she built.

Still older is the Po-tong Gate recently restored in Pyongyang, one of the beautiful gates of the Far East, built in the days of Sung-jong 982-997 A. D.

In Seoul the South Gate carries 500 years of weight upon its head, a master-piece of ancient architecture, while the Temple to the God of War outside the East Gate is 317 years old.

These buildings tell the story of Korea as an architect in days gone by. They are interesting foot-prints that mark the way from 900 to 1600 and offer their gentle invitation to a closer and more careful view.

Another class of interest is Monuments. How old some of these are! One just beyond the upper reaches of the Yalu on the Chinese side, a great rough block of stone twenty feet high and six feet across the face was erected in 414 A. D. and is the most ancient Korean monumental stone known to-day. What it talks of cannot but be of interest to students of Korea. It gives first an account of the founder of the Ko-ku-ryu Kingdom, King Choo-mong, son of God (so it says) telling how he crossed opposing streams on the backs of fishes and turtles who joined hands to aid him; and how he rode on the back of the yellow dragon all the way to heaven.

Then it takes up the story of King Kwang-tai whose stone it is. "Peace-loving, Great King" it calls him. "He became ruler at eighteen and was known as King of eternal joy. His graces and virtues reached up to heaven. His power and might filled the whole world. His reign was full of peace. The state was rich with abundant harvests. But God was sparing of His blessings for at 39 he went peacefully away and left the earth. On the 29th day of the 9th moon of the year *kap-in* (414 A. D.) his remains were interred in this tomb, and this stone was erected on which his virtues and good deeds are recorded, so that it may long bear witness to future generations."

Now this, the oldest Korean monument yet discovered, is surely interesting as recording the thoughts and beliefs of that ancient day.

Other stones there are, the one outside of Seoul on Pi-pong (555 A. D.), the one in Ham-heung (568 A. D.), Queen Suntut's Observatory, a house rather than a monument, erected in 641 A. D., the pagoda at Pool-gook Temple erected about 751, and the great bell at Kyung-ju made in 770 A. D.

From this date on many monumental stones, containing biographies of great Buddhist priests, mark the passing centuries. Very few of these have ever been read by any foreigner, and yet they have inscribed upon them many of Korea's best thoughts.

There are besides these, Ancient Tombs. The Imperial Government has opened up many of these for free inspection so that they can be studied in detail. Did a Chinaman paint the mural pictures in the tomb in O-hyun-ri, Kang-su. If a Chinaman, his paintings differ from the best of China of that day; if a Korean then he must have been a master of Confucian symbolic art in the early days of Ko-ku-ryu.

Other tombs are being unearthed, each having its tale to tell.

Again there are trees that form ancient landmarks and tell something of the past. The ancient ginkos, seen here and there in the city, have watched the generations go by with a calm and staying power most wonderful. Those in the Confucian court-yard were planted by Yoon T'ak who graduated in 1501 A. D.

The writer has heard it said, how true it is he knows not, that the large ginko tree before the Governor General's Residence was marked by the Japanese general who occupied the city in 1592. Older than these is the ancient dried stub that stands in front of the Temple of Suk-wang Sa, near Wonsan. It is said that King T'ai-jo planted it when he was a boy about 1345 A. D. How far these old trees look across the ages.

Then we have ship masts here and there throughout the country, and ancient mast holders such as we see to the north of Pyengyang City. Some of them like those near An-yang Station on the way to Kwan-ak Mountain have long inscriptions down the face worth deciphering.

"Chess is a game that represents military operations on a marked board. The board is prepared by drawing nine lines from north to south, and ten lines from east to west. On the two sides to the north and south there are "palaces" with nine rooms in each, marked by cross lines. In the centre of this sits the general.

"There are sixteen pieces on each side, one called, *chang*, known as the *general* marked *Han* (漢) on one side, and *Ch'o* (楚) on the other. Back of the *general* are two *sa*, (士) one on each side, his *aides*. There are two *ch'a* (車) or *war-chariots*, two *p'o* (包) or *big-guns*, two *ma*, (馬) *war-horses*, two *sang*, (象) or fighting *elephants* and five *chol* (卒) or *soldiers*.

"The *general* takes his place in the middle of the *palace*; the *aides* stand behind on each side. The *elephants* stand on each side one square removed from the *aides*. The *horses* take the next places one square removed from the *elephants*. The *elephants* and *horses* may change places at will. The *chariots* stand at the extreme corners. The *big-guns* take their places on the second cross just in front of the *horses*. The *soldiers* take their places on the line in front of the *big-guns*, standing at the two outside limits and on every other cross.

"The *general* moves only one space at a time, forwards, backwards, to right or left, but always within the *palace* enclosure. The *aides* move just as does the *general*.

"The *chariot* moves straight ahead, or at right angles, as many spaces as it pleases that are clear. The *big-gun* moves just as does the *chariot*, but it must have some one piece to jump over in any line that it moves. A *big-gun* can never jump over a *big-gun*. A *gun*, also, can never take a *gun*.

"The *horses* move over two lines at once and always across the corner.

"The *elephant* moves across an angle of six squares (a quadrangle of three by two), any of the six that stand before it. If the cross line immediately in front of the *horse* is occupied he cannot move; nor can the *elephant* if there is a piece immediately in front or in the middle of the second line.

"The *soldiers* move one space forward or one space to the side, but never backwards.

"If a piece gets in the way it is taken, and the player who first takes the *general* wins the game. When both sides fail it is a draw; also, when the generals face each other with no piece between and no move possible, it is a draw. The varieties and possibilities of the game rest with the player."

Hong Yang-ho (1724-1802 A. D.) writes:

"Chess and draughts represent low forms of diversion. The ancients said that they were the amusement of pig-keepers, and fit only to be cast into the river. But the Sage, Confucius, maintained that a game played was better than doing nothing, how about that? When God (*Ch'un*) made man he gave him his special work to do wherever he happened to be. Yet if men merely eat well and dress warmly without a thought in mind, their souls will wander off into a thousand extravagances. Unless there is an effort put forward to fix the attention on something up goes the imagination to heaven, or down again to the depths beneath, till what the eyes see and the ears hear, become a snare and a temptation to the soul. Therefore thought must have something to rest on if one would continue master of himself, and not suffer the spirit to wander aimlessly about. Those who play chess and draughts, though they be low games have constantly before them the matter of winning or losing and so find in them that which occupies the attention. Thus it was that the Sage referring to chess and draughts taught us to keep the mind well occupied. But his words are by no means an exhortation to play games. The Superior Man finds a thousand other ways better than these to occupy his time. Can you not see it?"

Oriental chess, if we judge at all from tradition, is much older than ours. Granting this, we can easily see how our chess has been modelled from the Eastern board, and made within the Christian era, sometime during the Middle Ages.

We have, first of all, changed the *general* into a *king*, which was most natural in an age when the ruler combined kingship with leadership.

Instead of *aides* we have a *queen*, who is his most power-

ful helpmeet. Woman had already come to a measure of her own in Europe when chess was decided upon, though she has no place on the Chinese board.

Instead of a *cart*, or *chariot*, we have a *castle*—how like the age of chivalry. It seems very absurd, however, for a *castle* to go moving about with all freedom toward the four points of the compass, until we remember that the *castle* borrowed the powers of the Chinese *cart*, without troubling about the inconsistency of the thing.

Our *knight* is like the Eastern *horse* and moves in the same irregular way. The prominent place won by knight-hood in those days would easily account for its place on the board.

We, in Europe, had no idea of elephants, and so, of course the chess *elephant* had to go. What more natural than to fill his place with a *bishop*? As the *elephant* had to do with the splendor and imperial movings of the East, so had the *bishop* in the West. He naturally had to appear on so comprehensive a field.

A glance at the board will soon show that our bishop gets his powers from the Chinese *elephant*, for he crosses the squares diagonally, six at a time, of the shortened group or the elongated.

Our gun-powder is supposed to date from the 14th century and as the beginning of our chess is much earlier than that, we would not know at that time, what to do with pieces of Chinese *artillery* that used gun-powder, so we did away with them and blended them into the rank and file of the *soldier* (pawn).

A Christian age, the age of chivalry, antedating gun-powder, evidently modelled our chess game after the Chinese. How our forefathers got it, or by what route it came to them seems unknown.

The Oriental game is more difficult than Western chess from the fact of the board having the two pieces, the *gun* and the *elephant*. Good Oriental players use these two with great effect, but they are very hard for an Occidental to handle. The irregularity that attends them both is where the

difficulty arises. With the exception of our *knight* all our pieces run on straight ways and avenues with much regularity, but it is not so with the *elephant* and *big-gun*.

The pieces number thirty-two on each board, and as to shape, our love of regularity would make the oblong board at once into a square, so we have sixty-four squares, while the Korean, or Chinese board, has seventy-two crosses or corners. Faithful to the spirit of doing things in the other way, we move on the squares while the Oriental moves on the angles.

The Chinese board differs from the Korean in this that it has what they call a river running down the middle of it where you see, on this board, the sentence "The generals ride forth under the red and blue flags." This sentence, as a mark, is common to many boards.

The Korean scholar looks askance at chess, not because he is averse to a good game, but because chess suggests military operations, which he, a man of the pen, regards as beneath his dignity as a gentleman and scholar.

A SPELL AGAINST THE TIGER

BY

HONG YANG-HO (1724-1802 A. D.)

(This article illustrates a very interesting fact, namely that Koreans in the old days thought they could charm away evils like epidemics, or tiger raids, by means of written incantations. This Mr. Hong, a very enlightened scholar, who was head of the literati in his day, and had been more than once to Peking as special envoy, evidently believed in the same, and so lent his power of the pen to drive away the tiger from the Tumen River region).

"Near the sea-coast of Kyung-heung a terrible man-eater had made his appearance, and had gone about for a month or more carrying off numbers of people and devouring them. A great fear fell upon the district and anxiety indescribable. A prohibition against fire-arms at the time increased the anxiety, and cut off all means of taking the beast, so I wrote the fol-

lowing incantation, and carved it upon a tree where it could be seen by the tiger. From that time forth the place was delivered from the ravages of the creature.

THE INCANTATION.

“Glaring-eyed monster, king of the hills, with awful countenance and wildly twisting tail, horribly bedecked with black stripes and lightning flashes of the eye, before whom a thousand beasts stand in fear! Revolting! Who fiercely, when he whistles, calls the winds to rise, and makes his mane to stand on end. Dreadful! Born of the brazen spirit So-ho, under the constellation *In* (the Dragon)! Ugh! Sitting grimly on the rocks or lying hidden in some shaded forest, keeping far aloof from men! Abominable! When once he fixes his hold there is no escape, and his teeth are stained with blood. Fear-some! His tracks and his bristling mane are not seen among men. Ugh! How he loves the bones of the tender child, and the flesh of the fat old man. Sickening! The widow weeps for her husband and the orphaned child for the parent. Alas! He travels not by day, but, demon-like, awaits the night, to crawl forth from his loathsome lair. Shocking! With awful face of a madman, the flashing eyes of an ogre, and a roar that shakes the heavens, he creeps forth, till the spirits he has devoured pipe and wail from fear.

“God in heaven made all the creatures of the earth, beast and man, and gave to each its nature and its appointed place. Winged creatures he destined for the trees, and scaly creatures for the sea, so that there should be no confusion.

“In ancient times king Soon commanded Paik-ik to set fire to the hills and clear out noxious beasts; also Heui-wha had destructive vermin expelled from his kingdom. A virtuous king is now born to the East, whose light shines forth as the sun making righteousness and harmony to rule the land. Wild hawks are changed to pigeons by virtue of the king. All the woes and anxieties of humanity depart. The gates of the devil and the distant sea of the barbarian are changed to places of sweet refinement. The dwellers on earth partake of his favour and become his faithful people. How is it then that

you, you awful monster, have not been changed? King of the hills, the hills are your home, and not the dwellings of men. Yonder is the Tumen River beyond which the Yo-jin people live. God has placed unlimited bounds before you, and wild tracts of uninhabitable forest. Under the Ever White Mountains there is no end of far-reaching space. There is the Amoor River with its pearls and its slimy deep. Scores of wild hogs, bears, fat deer and stag! You may take your choice and still have heaps to spare. There are nine-tailed foxes and other delightful dainties. Go there, I command, live in peace and set up a home for your young. King of the hills away with you! Delay not but be gone! The spirit of the king has arisen to destroy all who do not yield obedience. His spears are like a forest and his swords gleam in the sun. His fierce guns roar like thunder to blow you up flesh and bones. He will set fire to your home and break up your den, till you have no place to hide your tracks. Deadfalls and traps are round about you, and soon escape will be impossible. Though you hold on to trees and weep like a climbing monkey it will not avail. Like a pig bound by thongs and on the way to slaughter so will you be. What will all your far-famed valour do for you then? Or your wisdom? You may shake your tail and plead for your life but who will take your part or speak for you? Your head will come off to serve as a pillow, and your skin for a mat to sit upon. Your bones will be ground down for hat-string beads, and your whiskers will ornament the head-gear of the soldier. Then all resentful ghosts will dance for joy, and scold your disembodied spirit. Though your nature be fierce still you love your young; and though you like to kill, still your own life is precious to you. I give you three days grace, yes, ten days to take yourself out of this. Take your family, one and all, and go at once. As birds start in flight, or fires flash up, away with you to the far north. Don't stop your ears but hear what I have to say. King of the hills delay not! Though men may not take your life yet God is watching. I say again, away with you. Now that spring has come and the hills are green, and the soft clouds gather over the dark forest, where no huntsman is,

wild sheep and pigs abound and a hundred other dainty creatures await your coming. Let the winds be your wings and the rainbow your banner, and off with you! Good luck to you! King of the Hills! Away! Away!"

THE NEGLECTED WIFE

BY

YI TAL-CH'OOONG (died 1385 A. D.)

I once gave you a folding fan, and you gave one most dear to me ; but now your heart is changed and all your love has turned a thousand times away. No further joy have I, but thin and worn I think the long nights through. And yet, though I am cast aside, I do not blame you, for your new wife has so many graces, dear. But think, how long does outward beauty last? It flies, yes, swifter than the arrow's shaft. Can you not see that she that blooms a flower to-day will yet regard you through a twisted wrinkled face?

TO A BUDDHIST FRIEND.

BY

YI KYOO-BO (1168-1241)

There was a Buddhist once who intended making a journey to the south for pleasure to see the hills and streams. He came to me and told me of his intended trip and asked if I would write him a verse as introduction to his going.

I said to him, "The world of the Buddhist should be a void and empty one, with no east and no west. His disciples, too, should have their minds emptied in like manner, as a ship without cargo is empty, or as the footprints of clouds are invisible to the eye. He ought not to think of whether he goes east, or goes west. Now you have come to tell me of your proposed journey ; you are, therefore, according to the law of your religion, an offender. Also my accompanying you with any sort of good wish ought to be from your view point a flaw and a defect ; how much more my writing verses for you. Still, you wish it, and so I cannot but comply and give you

something, therefore let me say : Whatever there is in the world that I treat with forgetfulness, even though it be a thing greatly loved, still the love has disappeared. Whatever on the other hand I treat with remembrance, even though I think I never loved it, still a love is evident. You imagine that the hills and streams are well worth the seeing, and you especially think the scenery of Kang-nam (Chulla) the finest of all. That is why you are now starting off for pleasure. Evidently your mind is given over to these things and inclined in their direction. As you now go to see them the mountains will be lovelier than ever, and the streams more seductive than you have ever known them. Their beauty and magnificence of form will be beyond expression. The clouds on the hill-tops will be like dainty eye-brows that bend lovingly toward you, and the clear streams in their grace like your mistress' comely head-dress. Your band of music will be the babbling of the waters; and the branches of the pines will be the strings of your harp. You will be at a loss how to take them all in, will forget to sleep, forget to eat, and though you desire later to renounce them and go away, they will bind you fast a prisoner and not let you go. What will you do then? What will be the difference, too, between you and the man of the world who loves pretty faces and sweet music?

Whatever captivates the heart is similar in kind. When you go to see them if you find the hills and streams are too evidently taking prisoner your eyes and your heart to bind and hold them fast, remember my word and renounce them once and for all, regard them as the vilest refuse. Give up all thought of them, regain your independence and come back to the world of living men, join us in our pleasure, and look upon the dusty world as just as interesting as the green mountains and blue water. If you can once do this you will be said to be a man who has got religion.

Here is my verse to you :

A little puff of idleness,
Was blown upon the hill,
But since it had no east or west,
It went and came at will.

A JOURNEY TO SOUTH KOREA

(1200 A. D.)

BY

YI KYOO-BO (1168-1241 A. D.)

I have a burning desire to travel, and wherever my horse's feet tread I propose to write down the strange things I see and hear, write verses about them or essays, and put them aside for future enjoyment. This is my wish.

When old, and my legs are no longer fit for service, my back bent low, and my life confined to a little room, with all my interests limited to the mat on which I sit, I shall take what I have written when I was young and strong, and have it recall to me all that has passed, so as to be my recreation and relief from close confinement.

Among my poems I find several that refer to a trip to south Korea. As I look them over I call back in imagination all that happened to me then.

Again I went a second time as an official to Chun-ju, and for two years visited many places in that neighbourhood. Whenever I came upon a specially fine view, or saw the wind or moon, I wanted to write out fully my feelings, but I had no end of correspondence and lawsuits to see to that took my time, so that I scarcely wrote anything; and what I did write I hardly ever finished. For this reason I find only about sixty short poems with a few records of the districts that I visited regarding their customs, habits, etc.

At the close of last year, *kyung-sin* (1200 A. D.) I returned to the capital. I then ran over what I had written and found that there was any quantity of useless stuff that could not be read. Though I myself had written it I could not but laugh at such rubbish. I threw the whole thing into the fire, keeping back only a few of the better specimens that could be deciphered and these I now rewrite.

The city of Chun-ju which is also called Wan-san was a part of the old kingdom of Paik-je. It has a dense population for the houses sit shoulder to shoulder. Many old-fashioned customs prevail, and the people are gentle in all their ways. Even the *ajun*, or official recorders, are men of superior worth and models of good behaviour.

There is a hill called *Choong-ja* (Middle Son) high and densely wooded which is the guardian of the place. The hill called Wan-san is a lower spur of the same ridge, and yet strange to say the county has taken its name from this rather than from the other.

A short distance from Chun-ju there is a monastery called *Kyung-pok Sa*, (Great Blessing). I had heard many times that attached to this monastery there was a hall, that had flown across the peninsula by flight of wing and alighted there, but being so busy I had never had a chance to go and see it. At last on a certain holiday I went and found its name to be *Pi-rai Pang-jang* (Flying House). Associated it is with a priest called Po-tuk who also came through mid-air from the Pal-ryong Hills of Kokuryu. Now Po-tuk, it seems, was a great priest who lived in the Yun-bok Temple of the Pal-ryong Hills. He once said to his disciples, "Kokuryu regards only the worship of Taoism, not that of the Buddha; destruction will assuredly overtake her. Where shall we go to escape the terrors that are to come?"

A disciple named Myung-tuk (Bright Virtue) made reply, "The Ko-tal Hills of Chun-ju are a safe and quiet retreat from all life's troubles." The day on which he said this was the 3rd day of the 3rd moon of the year Kun-bong (668 A. D.). He then opened the door to go out when he found that the whole house had already taken flight and landed on the Ko-tal Hills though the distance from Pal-ryong is a thousand li.

Myung-tuk further said, "This hill is indeed wonderful but it has no good spring of water. If I had only known that the master was going to transport us hither I would have brought along the spring we had in our old home."

It is Ch'oi Ch'i-wun who tells of these things as he writes in praise of the master Po-tuk.

On the *ki-sa* day of the 11th moon I set out to travel through the counties adjacent to Chun-ju. Ma-ryung and Chin-an are located in the hills. The people are savages and wear faces like monkeys. All sorts of unsavoury smells accompany their dishes and their general habits are worse than those of the northern barbarian. I attempted to reprimand them for their ways but they looked like frightened deer and seemed inclined to run at my approach.

Circling the hills I at last reached a place called Oon-je. From there to Ko-san are many high peaks and precipitous ways that overlook sheer drops of a thousand feet. The road was exceedingly narrow so that I had to dismount to make my way. Among the various counties Ko-san is somewhat cleaner and more enlightened. I then left Ko-san and went to Rye-yang and from there to Mang-san, sleeping one night at each place.

The day following I intended going to Keum-ma (In-san) where I had heard that there was a dolmen stone. Now a dolmen is, according to popular tradition, a stone that the Sages set up in ancient times. A very strange and wonderful thing a dolmen assuredly is!

The next day I went on to I-sung (Chin-joo) where I found the huts of the people in a horribly dilapidated condition, with the palings and fences all falling away. The *kaik-kwan* or official guest-house was not even tiled but only thatched. The recorders, four or five of them, too were all badly dressed.

In the 12th moon I received a royal command to proceed to the Pyun Hills and see to the cutting of wood. Now the Pyun Hills are a great centre for government timber supply. If the palaces are to be repaired, or new ones erected, as is the case almost every year, great trees that could swallow up an ox or reach to heaven, are selected here and cut. Because I had oversight of this timber cutting, I was called *Chak-mok-sa*, Woodcutter Plenipotentiary. I wrote a poem on this interesting fact.

True glory must be his indeed,
Who musters troops and leads to war,

But I am called the *Chak-mok-sa*,
The Lord who cuts and piles the wood.

In the first moon on *im-jin* day I first entered the Pyun Hills whose sharp points and horns are piled up in wondrous heaps. I saw them for the first time. The heads and tails of the hills, as well as their heels and elbows run out in all directions beyond my power to tell. On one side is the open sea in the midst of which are islands, Koon-san, Wi-do. (Porcupine), Koo-do (Pigeon Island), all quite close to the shore and easily reached morning and evening. The people on the coast say, "If there is a favourable breeze the trip is as easy as a flying arrow, yes, even to China."

In the hills I saw many chestnuts. The poorer people make this their staple and live thereby.

In some parts there were groves of bamboo like arrows standing thick on end. A fence about them, however, forbade entrance.

Passing on we reached a wide road and finally came to a town called Po-an (Poo-an). When the tide comes in, the smooth road that we saw is deeply flooded with water. The people then have to wait for it to recede in order to make their way. When I first passed, the tide had just come in and I was cut off by some fifty paces from getting by. But I was determined to cross over and so laid on the whip. The servant who followed me, however, gave a great shout and called on me to desist. I did not listen to him but went straight ahead. Then all of a sudden the water came on like an avalanche, charging in fury with great leaps and bounds like an army rushing to battle. The force of it was very terrible. With a sense of fear I drew back and escaped with my life, just managing to climb the hill and save myself. The water chased me and rose in its might as far as my horse's belly. The green hills were reflected in it and rose and fell with the approaching and receding water.

The scene here varies in appearance with shadows and sunshine and with the morning and evening. The clouds and water at times reflect all the colours even to a peacock green.

The view was like a beautiful piece of embroidery. As I

looked and looked upon it I was sorry that I did not have all my best friends with me so that we might have written it down in verse. The view embraced me and entranced my soul. I could not write, but could only gaze in wonder. We passed a place called Choo-sa Pa that lay spread out before us in the moonlight with the white sands shining soft and clear. My soul was wrapped away by it, so that I dropped the reins and let the beast go as it pleased. Ahead was the measureless sea toward which my soul hummed its flight while my horse boy looked on in astonishment.

On the 12th of the intercalary moon I again received a royal command to make another circuit and see if there was anyone imprisoned unjustly. I went first to Chi-re where the hills are very high. As I entered the deep echoing valleys I felt as though I were entering another world. About noon of that day I reached the official town but the magistrate and his assistant were both away. About the second watch of the night they returned in haste, panting for breath. They tied their horses to the post at the gate and ordered that no food be given them. When horses have been driven hard this is a care that one must take if he would not injure his beast.

I pretended to be asleep but heard it all. How anxious these two were to show me honour! They had wine brought at once which I could not well refuse. A dancing-girl too, was summoned for my entertainment, who played on the harp very sweetly. Usually I did not drink wine but here I indulged freely and enjoyed the music. I suppose it was because the way I had come was specially long, and because the place I had reached was cut off from the ordinary haunts of men that I did so.

The 20th day of the eighth moon was the anniversary of my father's death. On the day previous I went to the So-rai Monastery in the Pyun Hills. Here I found posted on the walls a verse written by the hermit Cha-hyun. I, too, wrote one to correspond.

On the day following with the magistrate of Poo-an and six or seven other friends I went to the Wun-hyo temple to which a high stairway leads over a giddy entrance. I made it

with the greatest of difficulty. The place hangs out over the trees. I have heard that frequently tigers have tried to make their way up to it but turn back in fear.

At the side there is a small temple where people say that Sabo came once and lived. Sabo desired some tea for his master, as Wun-hyo was ill, but there is no spring of water near. Suddenly to his surprise water burst forth from the rock that was fresh and sweet as milk. By means of it he made the desired tea.

The Wun-hyo Room is some eight feet wide. In it we found a priest whose eye-brows stood out like those of the genii. His clothes were threadbare and worn. This room was divided across by a partition, on one side of which was an image of Wun-hyo. There were beside this a bottle, a pair of shoes, a tea-pot and a box of sacred books. There was no other dish or means of preparing rice visible, and no servant about. From the temple of So-rai I find they bring a table of food each day.

The secretary who showed me about said quietly to me, "I first met this priest in Chun-ju where he was a great rough fellow, a terror to all the people. In view of his evil ways the town folk regarded him as an unspeakable plague. Suddenly he disappeared, and lo, I found him in this place practising religion."

I replied, "People of all classes have their peculiar gifts and calling. One who has power to inspire fear in others is gifted beyond the ordinary. When such reforms he becomes a person of special merit as in the case of this man. There was in ancient days a noted robber who met Oo-too (Ox-head), the second patriarch of the Church. He reformed and repented and became a man of great virtue. A priest by the name of Myung-tuk once met a hunter with a falcon on his arm who finally became a noted disciple. These are illustrations of reform like the case of the priest we have just met. One must not consider these things strange."

I asked as to the Impossible House (*Pool-sa Eui-pang-jang*) and expressed a wish to see it. It was high up and hard to reach, a thousand times more difficult than Wun-hyo's

place. There was a wooden ladder a hundred feet long leaning against the wall that led to it. The three sides of the place overlooked a bottomless pit.

Going up the ladder rung by rung we made our way. One slip and all would have been over. I am a man who fears even a height of ten feet, and when going up a steep place feel ill and dizzy. For the life of me I dare not look down. I was desperately afraid of this venture till my legs trembled and my head swam even before I undertook it; but being most desirous of seeing this interesting place that I had heard of, and for which I had specially come, I was determined to venture. If I did not succeed in getting to it and making my bow before the picture of Chin-pyo I would have felt for ever humiliated, so I got down on all fours and went most tremblingly. My feet touched solid ground but my body seemed already floating through space. At last I got there.

We went in and by means of a flint and steel made a fire and bowed to the picture.

Chin-pyo was a man from Tai-jung village, Pyuk-kol County. He came here at 12 years of age and began his studies on this rock. With a sincere heart and burning desire his one wish was to see the Loving One and the Chi-jang Bodisat. But days went by and no Chi-jang came and in his disappointment he threw himself over the rock. Two blue-coated angels caught him, however, as he fell and said, "Your attainments in the Law are yet insufficient; that is the reason why you have not met the Holy Ones."

Thus he entered more diligently than ever into his work and before three weeks were over in the trees, before the temple, he had a vision of the Loving One and the great Chi-jang. Chi-jang gave him certain commands, and the Loving One gave him two volumes of the Chun-chai Sutra and also 199 tablets to serve as tokens to his disciples.

This temple is made fast to the rocks by chains. The tradition is that a dragon came forth from the sea and built it.

On my way back the magistrate had wine brought out and awaited me on a hilltop called *Mang-hai-tai* (Sea-view Hill).

Said he "I wished to have you rest here and so sent out men with mats, etc., to await your coming. Be seated please."

I went up and had a view of the great sea circling around on the west not more than a stone's throw from where we were sitting.

As we drank the wine I wrote verses. The view seemed so clear and free from all the defects of mortal existence that it was as though I had been a worm and had suddenly put off my degraded form for wings and flight. I was like a cicada soaring on high and calling to the fairies to come, come.

The ten or so who were seated with me all drank deeply. But it was my father's sacrificial day, so I had no violin or pipe music played.

These are a few of my notes among many others.

If we regard Seoul as the body and the outlying districts as members thereof the world of my travels would not measure more than the little finger on the hand. What interest will anyone ever have in these poor notes of mine I wonder. Let me put them away till I travel more widely and make further notes. Then I shall gather them all together and make a big book so that when I am old I shall not forget.

I write these on the 3rd moon of the year *sin-yoo* (1201 A. D.)

CHOON YANG.

(Continued from the *December* number.)

NOTE :—The Editors have been asked if this is a literal translation of Choon-yang, and they answer, Yes! A story like Choon-yang to be added to by a foreigner, or subtracted from, would entirely lose its charm. It is given to illustrate to the reader phases of Korean thought, and so a perfectly faithful translation is absolutely required.

XI.

THE MAN-EATER.

The governor heard this and replied furiously, "I order her to come! What do I care for her notions? Chastity! Whew! If they should hear of that in my women's quarters,

my wife would have a fit. A common dancing-girl talking about virtue! Go and call her at once."

The office bell sounds "*Tullung*," and the chief runner answers.

"Yea-a-a! Yes sir!"

"Go at once and bring Choonyang."

"Yea-a-a!"

So the chief runner goes. At the top of his voice he shouts,

"Kim Number-one!"

"What is it?"

"Pak Number-one!"

"What are you calling me for!"

"She's caught, caught for sure."

"Who's caught, you idiot?"

"The woman Choonyang is caught. She's under the paddle now all right. Too proud altogether, she and her husband of the gentry. It doesn't do for one to show off over much. We who have to carry the message to her, however, are dogs, both of us, you are a dog and so am I. But it's all right."

They had their wild-hair felt hats on, with red linings and the character for "Brave" pasted on the front. They wore soldiers' uniforms and red belts, and so they started forth, fluttering in the wind like evil birds of prey, or hungry tigers glaring through the brushwood. They reached her place and then gave a great shout,

"Choonyang.....!"

Just when they called her she was engaged in reading a letter from her husband that she had spread out before her. It ran thus:

"A thousand *lee* of separation and endless thoughts of thee day and night! Are you well, I wonder, and your mother? I am as ever, without special cause to murmur. My father and mother, as you asked, are well. In my heart too, I'm so glad. You know my heart and I know

your heart. What more can I say? I have no eight wings or I would fly to you. A single hour seems like a long season but how can it be helped? What I have in mind are just two characters, one, *chol*, meaning a noble woman's virtue, and the other, *soo*, to *guard, keep or hold to*. Hold fast to your faithfulness just as we swore in our contract. Under the good guidance of Heaven will not the day come when we can meet? Rest in peace and wait. I cannot say the thousand and one things I would like to. All that confronts me fills me with unrest. That's all, my love, just now.

Year.....; moon.....; day..... Yee Dream-Dragon.

P. S. Is Hyangtanee well?"

Said Choonyang "This letter comes, but why does not my love come too? Why may I not go?"

At the bamboo gate the dog began to bark and on opening it, there were two of the *yamen* floggers seen. Choonyang stepped out softly toward them saying, "Kim Number-one, is it you? and Pak Number-one have you come as well? Were you not tired with your long journey to Seoul and back? Your coming thus kindly to call on me is certainly beyond all my expectation."

She invited them in much deference. "Please come in," said she, "come in."

These two rough fellows, in all their lives, had never before been treated so by a lady. When she spoke so sweetly to them the goose-flesh came out over their astonished bodies.

"But," said they, "Young Mistress, why have you come out, when you are not well? You will be the worse for it, go inside please."

They entered the room and sat down. The two *yamen* floggers' hearts beat a tattoo inside their breasts, and for once the daylight before them seemed turned to darkness. Just then Choonyang's mother came in.

"Well, boys," said she, "are you not footsore in coming so far to my house? You meant to call on an old wife like me too, didn't you? Hyangtanee.....! There are no special dainties on hand but bring some *sool*, plenty of it."

The *sool*-table was brought in and they were urged to drink. After they had tasted, they said "Let's speak the truth now. The governor wants you for his concubine, and has sent us on this errand with no end of haste; but still, if we have anything to do with it, we'll see that you get off."

Choonyang replied, "Metal makes the best sound, 'they say. I trust you two good men to stand by me."

"You may be sure of that," replied they, "no need to say it twice, lady."

An extra runner now came hurrying after to hasten them.

"Are you coming?" he shouted.

"Keep quiet will you," replied Kim and Pak.

"Are you not coming?"

"You beast you, stop the row. We know all about it, come in here and have a drink."

So the three sat all together and drank till the sky-line narrowed down to a ten-penny piece, and all the world turned yellow.

Choonyang gave them three *yang* of money besides, saying, "On your way in get some refreshments for yourselves."

"What do you mean by this?" they inquired. "Iron eats iron, and flesh eats flesh, what right have we to receive money from you?"

Still they fastened the string of it securely to their belts, remarking meanwhile, "I wonder if all the pieces are correctly counted out and none lacking. Let's go."

Choonyang said good-bye and waited at the gate, while the three hand in hand started on their way.

"Let's sing a song."

"Good! Let's."

And so they sing:

"Never mind my sea-gull, so don't be frightened now.

"I've left the service of the king and come to make my bow.

"All you brave chaps that ride white steeds,

"With golden whips in hand,

"And pass my willow silken blinds,

"Across the tipsy sand,

"Is it because you play the harp
"That you are feeling glad?
"Or is it when one really knows,
"The soul is rendered sad?
"If you don't know, come list to me,
"I'll teach you how to play,
"With *koong* and *sang* and *kak* and *chee*,
"And all the gamut gay,
"Until your notes will rise, up high,
"And move the clouds to tears,
"And shake the heaven, and thrill the earth,
"And hush the demon spheres."

"You go in first," says one to the other when they reached the *yamen*.

"You go first yourself," is the reply.

"Let's do it this way," said the third, "We'll hold hands and go in together."

"That's the way," say they all.

The three of them went, each holding to the other's top-not, dancing in to the governor.

They shouted, "Choonyang has captured the floggers and brings them to your Excellency."

The governor was at his wits' end to know what this meant.

"You rascals, you," roared he, "what have you done with Choonyang? What do you mean by Choonyang's arresting you? To the rope with every one of you."

Then one of them explained, "Choonyang is very ill, at the point of death, sir, and she earnestly made request of us. She filled our hungry souls, too, with good drink and savoury sweets till we are most ready to yield up the ghost. She gave us a *yang* of money as well, and so, according to the law of human kindness, we had no heart to arrest her; but if Your Excellency says we have to, even though I have to fetch my mother in her place, I'll do it. By the way my mother is a beauty who far surpasses Choonyang."

"If your mother is such a beauty," asks the governor "how old is she, pray?"

"Why she's just ninety nine come this year, sir."

"You impudent idiot," replied the governor, "go now at once and if I hear of any loitering on the way, your death warrant will be written out and executed. Bring her now without delay."

The floggers heard the order. "Precious," said they, "as a thousand gold pieces is one's own body, and beyond this body what is there? Even though we would like to spare Choonyang, still, since it is death under the paddle for us otherwise, we'll fetch her."

XII.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

They arrived once more at Choonyang's house, pushed inside the gate and called, "Look here missus, never mind about your Seoul connection, but come along with us. The governor says we've disobeyed him, and he's had the head-steward put under the paddle, and the head-beater and head-constable are handcuffed and locked up. We can't help the matter, come along with us, come now."

There being no help for it, she started for the *yamen*. Her hair was somewhat in disorder, and with her trailing skirt gathered up, she went like a storm-tossed swallow, sadly step by step, but prettier far than Wang Sogun of ancient China ever was.

Into the *yamen* enclosure with its ornamented walls and shady groups of willows she was pushed, and there she waited.

The head-crier came out and shouted,

"Choonyang, appear at once before His Excellency."

The governor looked upon her and said, "Surely the most beautiful woman of all the ages! Come up here."

Choonyang dared not refuse, but went up, scenting the noxious atmosphere as a frightened kitten does the smoke. She stepped modestly aside and trembled. The governor looked with greedy eyes upon her helpless form.

"Pretty she truly is! Sure as you live! She'd make the

fishes to sink and the wild-geese to drop from the sky. I thought they had over praised you, my lady, but now that I see you, the moon may well hide her face and the flowers drop their heads for shame. I have never seen your equal. I left all the better salaries of Milyang and Sohung, and made application for Namwon in order to see you. I am somewhat late, I understand, but never mind that, I'm in time enough still. I hear that the student son of a former governor had your hair done up for you. Is that so? Since he left I don't expect that you have been quite alone, you no doubt have some lover or other. Does he belong to the *yamen* here, or is he some rake about town? Now don't be ashamed, but tell me the truth."

She replied firmly but modestly, "I truly am the child of a dancing-girl, but I have never had my name on the roll of the *kcesang*. I grew up here in the village. The former governor's son out of love for me came to my house and earnestly sought me by a marriage contract. My mother consented and so I am forever his, and in the contract that we made I took a faithful oath. The spirits of evil have separated us, and I have lived alone dreaming and thinking of him night and day, and waiting till he comes to take me. Please do not say 'a *yamen* lover.' I have never had such."

The governor heard this and gave a great laugh and applauded.

"When I see your words, I find you are equally remarkable inside as well as out. But since ancient times outward beauty means some defect somewhere. Women with pretty faces have little virtue. To have a flawless face and a flawless heart is indeed impossible. I recognize your purpose, but when young Yee really gets married and passes his exams, will he ever think again of a nameless girl, a thousand *lee* off in the distant country, who constituted for him a moment's delight? It seems hard, I know, for your lot is like that of the plucked flower, and your ridiculous contract is worthless. They say you are educated. Let me remind you of some of those from history. Yee Yang, you remember, was the second wife of Cho and yet her chastity is renowned the world over. If you are virtuous in my behalf you will be just like Yee Yang.

I'll dress you out well and give you no end of delights, so you will begin by taking charge of this office of mine to-day."

Choonyang replied, "My purpose in this matter differs from that of Your Excellency. Even though the young master should prove faithless and never come to take me, my model would still be *Pan Chopyo, and I would rather watch through all my life the fireflies go by my window, than be faithless. When I die I shall seek the resting place of †Yo Yong and Ah Whang, and dwell with them among the shaded bamboos of the nether world. To marry a second time is something to which I can never consent."

The governor when he began his interview did not know definitely what kind of person he had to deal with, and so had addressed her lightly; now, however, that he had met and seen her, he recognized that she could not be won thus. If he had said to her, "Well done," had commended, and sent her safely home, all sorts of good will would have resulted from it, and his praises would have been sung throughout the land; but his determination was fixed and he thought to terrify her into yielding, so he used her virtue as a catch-word of contempt and roared at her. "What times we've landed on! When *keesangs* talk of virtue, my virtuous sides will split with virtuous laughter. Your virtuous desires to see your paramour make you virtuously break my orders do they? Your virtue lands you under the paddle where you may virtuously taste of death for it."

Choonyang in a sudden rush of anger, caring not whether she lived or died, said, "Your Excellency is a gentleman, and you know what you ought to do. To take a helpless woman by force, is that the part of the governor of his people? Those who destroy virtue, man or woman, I despise and abhor."

* Pan Chop-yo. A famous *keesang* who lived about 20 B. C., and who was faithful in her remonstrances to the Emperor against a life of ease and pleasure.

† Yo Yung and Ah Wang. These were two sisters, daughters of the Emperor Yo, (2238 B. C.) who like Leah and Rachel were given to his successor as his faithful wives. Tradition relates that they journeyed south with him till he reached Chang-oa where he died. They wept and their tears falling on the leaves caused to come into being the spotted bamboo.

(To be Continued).

BLAZING THE TRAIL.

(Continued from the *December* number.)

CHAPTER XX.

AN ENCHANTED RIVER.

The annual rainy season had burst upon the country with unusual severity, razing to the ground the homes of many people. In the town of Standing Stone the nights were made musical with the falling of compound walls, while these sounds were occasionally punctured by the collapse of a tiled roof or a mud hut. The victims of such disaster would be dug from the debris by their neighbors ; some escaping with their lives while others went out with the flood. Such was the spirit of the time that these disasters were viewed with nonchalance. "Sorry," they said, "but what could be done during such a time as that."

A chain of precipitous mountains half encircled the town. At its base a stream had worn a deep channel, so deep that an ordinary house placed in the bed of the stream would find its roof many feet below the top of the embankment. The town had long been jealous of the space occupied by the river, so houses crowded its banks till some of them had been jostled out over the water so far that half stood there on long stilts. Peering down into the flood their backs seemed broken and their joints dislocated.

Each day and each night through the years of the past the people had listened to the murmur of the water and were contented. But during the last few days this stream had been a thundering torrent and on this particular day it had been rising from early morning and had reached a point far above that known by any living man. The people trooped out to see the river. Old men shook their heads dubiously. But then, old men, when their legs become feeble, always shake their heads at threatening danger.

This was a night for the Christians to gather, and Mr. Kim had attempted to preach to the dozen faithful members who

had braved the storm. The noise of the rain drowned his voice and after a few moments of futile effort he sat down on the mat below the pulpit and joined them in listening to the storm. At times it seemed as though the church was located beneath a waterfall and the little company turned its attention to the roar with a feeling of awe, and they huddled closer together for companionship. Suddenly there was a shock as though some mighty force had seized the house by the four corners and picked it from its foundation and shook it. A bundle of dust-laden herbs was hurled from a shelf upon the heads of the company. Then the house came to a stand and the storm roared on.

"What was that?" they asked each other with scared faces. "An earthquake," ventured Mr. Kim. "An earthquake?" repeated several voices with a quaver of fear, and their faces whitened in the uncertain light.

On the east side of the building the rain was driven up under the eaves and a flood swept down over the mud walls. As the water soaked through the wall it gradually darkened in the lamp light, and a bit of plaster crumbled off. Then a tiny stream crept in and hastily slipped out of sight in the dry earth of the floor. A few moments later they were startled to hear the plaster fall from the outside of the wall. Mr. Kim placed his hand against the plaster where it had darkened the most and when he removed it a sheet of mud fell inward leaving the lath bare like so many grinning teeth. The candle flared before the wind and the dark night looked hungrily in. The little company narrowed their circle and looked at the dripping wall apprehensively.

Suddenly there was a rattling at the door, and a persistence in it that raised it out of the general hubbub and gave the sound a personality. Some one lifted the catch and a man from a neighboring town stumbled in, the water streaming from his oiled paper coat, which had been torn to shreds by the wind. The man stood a moment shivering at the door.

"Oh!" cried some one, "It is farmer Yi."

"Where did you come from, and how did you get here?" was asked by a chorus of voices.

"Get here?" he replied, looking a moment at the group and turning a rueful glance at his wet suit. "Have traveled the road for fifty years, that is how I got here. Came to hear the preacher of course. What did you come for?" he asked taking the company in at a glance. "Perhaps you want to know if it rains. Perhaps you want to know if it blows on the top of the cliff. Blows? I lay down and crawled over the pass, nor did I breathe till I got half way down the mountain."

"But the river, man, the river. How did you cross the river?" they asked again.

"River," he repeated slowly and a wondering look came into his eyes. "Why, I did not think of that. Why, yes, I walked across the usual stepping stones."

"What!" one shouted, "I saw the river just before dark and it was chafing its banks nearly to the top, fifteen feet above the stepping stones. Why, man, you didn't come from home tonight. "But I did," stoutly affirmed the farmer, "and there is no more water in the river than there is in May. Dry, I say, dryer than is usual during a drouth." The company looked at the man and into each other's faces uneasily. Some one touched his forehead significantly. Others nodded their heads. The storm had been too much for the poor farmer.

Mr. Kim had been silent, now looking at the hole in the wall where the stream increased in size, then back at the late comer.

The farmer wrung out his clothes the best he could and sat down near the door that he might not wet the mat on the floor.

Some present began to chaff him, saying that he had become lost in the storm while wandering about the town. Probably he had crossed nothing greater than an open sewer. It was evident, they said, that he had not come from home and was really trying to hoodwink the company. Such undignified behavior ill-became a man who has the name of being a full member of the Church.

"Sewer," said the farmer, "Not three hours ago I watered my ox, and fed him boiled beans and chaff. If you believe

it not go ask the ox. As you all know, my ox lives with me on the other side of the river. I was on that side three hours ago. I am now on this side. I can't fly, there are no bridges, nor can I swim. Figure it out yourself."

Mr. Kim got up and pulled off his coat. "Going out," he said simply to the surprised look of enquiry, and he glanced doubtfully at the farmer. "Sure, find it with my eyes shut," said the latter, and he led the way into the driving storm.

The farmer's instinct of direction was unerring. He took Mr. Kim's hand and fifteen minutes later they were feeling their way down the long winding path that led into the deep river-bed. They splashed through water half way to their knees, climbed the opposite bank. A flash of lightning lit up the town, showing the shallow stream, the high banks and the storm-beaten roofs of the houses. They again felt their way down through the river-bed and back to the waiting company.

On hearing confirmation of the farmer's statement, the group of men stared at each other and listened to the increased thunder of the storm.

"What is it?" one asked, pushing his frightened face close up to Mr. Kim. "Don't know," was the reply. "I know," said the man, "It is the Water Devil." He arose and edged toward the door. "Sorry I came," he added, "The Water Devil is mad because there are Christians in town. I only came to Church last Sunday and just a sight-seer, just a sight-seer," he mumbled, "that is all, just a sight-seer." He went as far as the door and looked out at the howling storm, shuddered, and came back to the company and trimmed the candle and sat down close among the group.

Finally members of the group began telling stories of great storms of previous years. According to those traditions there was once a time when the river overflowed its banks and brought disaster to the houses along its margin. A narrator took up the tale and before he had finished the whole town had been swept away, but the people had been saved by the simple appearance of a dragon. "You haven't outgrown those childish tales?" asked Mr. Kim. The man looked abashed at his pastor's glance of disapproval.

"Fool I was to join company with men who so easily despise the teaching of a hundred generations," said the man who had declared the storm was the work of the Water Devil. "If human testimony is of value then surely the existence of the Dragon, the Water Devil, Ghosts and Spirits of the hills is an established fact. Multitudes have seen them, been cursed by them and blessed by them. Who are you to defy them? You take heavy responsibility when you imperil the people of this town with your atheism." The man again arose and went to the door, only to return and take refuge close to the center of the group.

After a long silence the farmer ventured to explain. "You see," said he, "water comes from holes in the ground. Our limestone mountains are perforated with holes, and streams that are almost rivers in size flow beneath these mountains. Now if water can come out of the mountains as rivers why can not rivers return to the mountains? I am sorry our friend here has such an ancient brain. This is an age of science and reason, and also of revelation. Why, man," said he, and his words sounded much like the discourse of Mr. Kim, "there are square miles of gold, and copper, and iron, and coal under the soil of our wonderfully rich country but you and I live in rags and starve because of the traditions of our fathers, the idle tales of the Dragon, Water Devil and a multitude of other spirits. No, sir, I had rather believe in God, possess a clean conscience, and have the privilege of digging into every mound and mountain without fear of wounding devils or ghosts. Then may I have wherewith to cover my nakedness, to satisfy my hunger, to honor my God. Now my explanation of this strange phenomenon is that the shock you heard earlier in the evening was not an earthquake at all. It was a hole opening up in the mountain, and the river is being lost."

"Ah!" exclaimed the previous speaker, with a long drawl of dissent. "Who but the Water Devil could open the hole in the mountain? Tell me that now, who—" At that moment a sharp zigzag of lightning and a crash of thunder stopped the debate. Suddenly a distant roar assailed the town as if all the waters of centuries were bellowing down this valley. The

company listened with mouths agape. With the roar was a high shrill note, an eager whining sound, like the voice of many wild things seeking their prey. The recent tumult of storm was lost in this new uproar.

There was an instant of stupefaction and then Mr. Kim awoke and with a bound was at the door. The church was on a much higher elevation than most of the town, and from the door an open space could be seen far up the valley. A flash of lightning revealed a sight which for a moment fixed him where he stood. Far up the valley a mass of water was roaring upon the town. On its crest were houses, trees, and a great mass of debris; they were hurled about in the wildest fury. Mr. Kim called to his friends.

"For your life," he shouted. "Out of this; Run!"

He ran for the elevation beyond the church, with the farmer at his heels. The two men driven by fright paused not till they were far beyond the reach of the flood. Finding themselves among a crowd of people who were looking toward the river and moving in that direction they faced about. Twilight was breaking through the darkness, revealing to their astonished eyes nature in wild destruction. There were no falling of buildings, for they were picked up and hurled bodily heavenward, and crumbling to pieces in seeming mid-air, spread out like sand from a sieve. People were rapidly gathering from that portion of the town located above the reach of the flood. There was no outcry. Amazed terror had sealed their lips. The sight of this fear-stricken people stirred Mr. Kim to action. He remembered the friends left in the little church. His eye sought the place where it stood. There it was half submerged, bravely buffeting the flood, but swaying, and every moment on the point of going to pieces. Other buildings formed a line in the direction of the on-coming flood, and offered a partial protection. Yet they staggered and swayed at every fresh impact and occasionally the heavy tiled roof would slip into the water and the timbers of the building being let loose would spring into the air and then rush away with the flood. At that moment a man was seen riding by on a mass of wreckage; he may have called for help, but no voice could

be heard above the noise of the flood. The sight sent Mr. Kim on the run to the water's edge. He plunged in to the stream with the purpose of reaching the church for the rescue of his friends. Immediately he was to his shoulders in water and was in imminent danger of being swept out into the flood. With the aid of the farmer he returned to the bank. Tongues that had been paralyzed by the enormity of the disaster were now let loose. There was shouting and crying. A woman was pulling her hair out in handfuls and wailing at the top of her voice. Her home had gone, she only, had escaped. Mr. Kim looked from one to another, then out to the buildings still standing above the reach of the flood, and then his eyes rested for an instant upon the people who were crowding the roofs. He motioned to the farmer, they ran in that direction. Before reaching that point he paused and again his eyes searched the river. To the right and some distance beyond where he stood was the imposing roof of the most pretentious house of the town, the home of Mr. Cho, the author of all his troubles. The house was under water nearly to the eaves. A curve in the bank partially deflected the current, or that building and others in the immediate vicinity would have been carried away with the first onslaught of the flood. On reaching the line of houses covered with people he called for a rope. Many looked at him with faces of helpless inquiry. His head was nearly even with the eaves. "A rope!" he bellowed. He ran the length of the short street calling for a rope and returning grew frantic at the stupid stares he received. A pair of legs were dangling from a roof while their owner gazed at the flood. Mr. Kim seized them and pulled the owner down, shook the man, and bellowed for a rope. The man gasped and said he had none. Mr. Kim in exasperation seized the fellow by an arm and one leg and with a mighty heave flung him to the ridge of the roof. "A rope," he again shouted, "some one bring a rope!" There was a stir at the place where the man had lauded on the roof and some one slid to the ground and entered a house. Presently he returned with a long rope used by farmers in tethering cattle. Mr. Kim and the farmer without a word ran back to the bank opposite the

house which held his friends, while a crowd followed at their heels. He hastily tied the rope about his waist and giving a few directions to the farmer placed the other end in his hands and struck out into the stream. When he reached the corner of the building he was flung up against it with violence. The shock stunned him for a moment and he was dragged under but coming to the the surface he seized the post that supported the front of the building and snubbed the end of the rope there; he then worked himself inside. His companions of the night were standing shoulder deep in water and nearly dead with fright. They responded at his call and all moved at once. As they approached the door he chose one and forced the others back, shaking one and choking another till they submitted to his direction. They worked their way ashore by clinging to the rope one by one. Mr. Kim came last with the rope around his waist. On reaching the bank he was besieged by the multitude for aid.

"That house, there!" called a woman pointing to a thatched building rapidly going to pieces, "My family is there, sir, save them, oh, sir, save them!"

"In that building there!" called another, "As you love your father, sir, save mine! Ah-a-a! there it goes! It's breaking up, gone!" he screamed, as the building toppled over and hastened off in a wild race down the stream.

He ran opposite the half submerged houses with their tiled roofs where lived the man who so eagerly sought his life. The buildings on the outer fringe were rapidly going to pieces, while the inner circle was also being weakened as the current tore off huge flakes of lath and plaster. Holes could be seen through the rain covered walls into the dark interior of the whole line of buildings. At the farther end of the row of buildings and somewhat less exposed to the fury of the torrent was the home Mr. Kim sought. The people now understood his purpose and were eager to help. More rope appeared at the feet of Mr. Kim, and uniting it with the other, eager hands seized it, and shout was added to shout as all tried to direct affairs and all getting in the way one of another. Mr. Kim paid no heed to the uproar of voices and

the multitude of suggestions and commands. He measured the rope with his arms as he hastily coiled it on the bank. He had a purpose, spurred on by a feeling that none there could have understood. He chose a dozen sturdy men from the crowd and placed one end of the rope in their hands and tying the other about his waist moved quickly into the stream. Deep holes in the water, funnel-like, whirled about him, one here, another there, and while one disappeared new ones took their places in the mad rush. He glanced back at the rope. A score of self-appointed men had run it out on the shore and were holding it.

How fast he sped toward the nearest building. A massive tiled roof held the building in place which served as a partial protection to the buildings below. He was swept past it and the current carried him to the opposite side; he attempted to seize the projection of roof timbers but failed. The farmer seeing his plight, called for help and with more zeal than prudence, they pulled him ashore; so that his head was under the flood more than half the time. For several moments he lay on the bank exhausted. Suddenly a great shout from the watchers brought him to his feet. The house was going to pieces, one corner had been undermined, dislodging a corner post, and half the roof toppled over; then the whole structure sank from sight under the enormous weight of tiles. Suddenly the roof timbers of the sinking house, relieved of the weight of tiles, shot to the surface; some of them sprang endwise against the adjoining house and were held there by the mass of wreckage beneath. That building swayed under the impact and an avalanche of earth and tiles slid into the river.

Mr. Kim saw his chance at a glance and slipped into the water and made for the mass of wreckage under the eaves of the tottering building. At that moment he was startled by a huge splash at his side, and turning his head looked into the face of the man called the Devil. He was swimming with a mighty stroke without the aid of a shore-line.

"Go back," shouted Mr. Kim. "Take the rope and go back. It will be death, man, go back!" For reply the creature parted his lips in a dauntless smile and in an instant he had shot

past the preacher, he grasped a projecting timber of wreckage, and climbed to the roof above and stood waiting for Mr. Kim. Immediately they stood side by side on the ridge of the tiled roof. Mr. Kim looked his companion over.

"What did you do it for?" he shouted, pointing to the boiling flood and back at the trembling building beneath them. "It is death, sir, don't you know it is death? Take the rope and go back." Mr. Kim took him by the shoulder and shook him. "You still have a chance, back!" he commanded.

The hermit opened his mouth, and for a moment his voice bellowed deep in his chest, and with a motion of deep disdain at the flood he said, "A hundred li in that is but a morning swim. Did I not know where you were? I have raced the flood many a mile to be with you. Death? Why, man, I am here to give my life for the man whose lips speak kind words."

For a moment Mr. Kim looked into the face so ugly, so ingenious, and forgot the river, the falling houses and the drowning people; a choking sensation seized his throat, then he turned and bounded to the next roof, with the hermit at his heels. At the farther end of the row of buildings was the home of Mr. Cho. Mr. Kim remembered the prison, the cruel beatings, the bitter taunts, he also remembered a temptation that crossed his mind at the first sight of the beleaguered house that morning, and in a panic of self condemnation he sped for the house of his enemy. When he and the hermit stepped upon the roof it shook beneath their tread. He hastened to the gable at the farther end and those holding the rope on shore kept pace with him. He motioned the men on shore to hold steady; they stood fast as the native rock. Down over the gable he slid till he was waist deep in the water. In this position he was hid from view on shore. His face came to the level of the top of a window that had been covered with slats; it was the window through which he once looked, and had so nearly cost him his life. He looked at the slats in dismay, then he seized one and bracing his feet against the wall flung himself backward with abandon. It gave away with a crash and he fell back into the water. The shock loosened a tile from over head. In falling it struck him on the head and, half

stunned, he again climbed up the slats. This time he was more cautious and after a moment's struggle he removed another, then another; soon he was able to crawl through the aperture. There was no sign of life and when he lowered himself to the floor he was in water to his neck. With a shock of disappointment and keen regret he recognized what must have happened. Mr. Cho was a small man not reaching to his shoulders; he must have drowned, and half unconscious of the act, Mr. Kim waded about the room reaching out into the corners with his foot expecting to confirm his fears. The room was dark except the dim light that struggled through the opening Mr. Kim had made. He called aloud, then thought how foolish it was.

That part of the house was an ell from the main building and had only two rooms connected by a low door, which in the warm season of the year would naturally be left open. These were the sleeping quarters of the family and the place to which Mr. Cho had withdrawn since he had driven Martha from his doors. It was slightly less exposed to the violence of the flood than the rest of the house. All this Mr. Kim knew.

As he moved about the room his hand passed through the opening into the other apartment. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged beneath the surface and came up on the other side of the door. A scream greeted him as he flung the water from his head. He looked hastily about, but could see nothing but bits of floating furniture that rocked here and there from the commotion he had stirred on plunging into the room. A dim light filtered between the cornstock lath the length of the room where the plaster had been removed from the wall. Following the sound Mr. Kim raised his eyes to the roof. On the farther end of the room, on the top of a shelf lay a man looking out at Mr. Kim with eyes filled with terror. When Mr. Kim approached him he screamed again and flattened himself against the wall.

"Afraid of me!" cried Mr. Kim. "I am here to save you, Mr. Cho. Come now, let us out of this."

At the sound of Mr. Kim's voice the little man half raised

himself on his elbow and gazed intently at his visitor, "Why it's a man," he gasped, "But you came out of the water."

"Come, come," said Mr. Kim, "Don't you see the house is falling.

To make this narrative plain it will be necessary for the reader to enter the home of Mr. Cho the evening before the flood.

For some time Bali had been a frequent visitor of Mr. Cho. The latter's plans of revenge on the Christian community contemplated the service of Bali.

Considerable money had exchanged hands and Mr. Cho was in a cronic state of exasperation that the gigantic outlaw had not really committed himself to the task of destroying the hated preacher.

On this particular night the robber took refuge from the storm under the roof of Mr. Cho. Since driving Martha from his door the little man had grown more morose and irritable than ever. Most of his servants left him from sheer aversion of a man of such irritable temper. He scorned the aversion of his servants and neighbors. It was an acknowledgment that they all feared him. That was his consolation.

Bali was the only man who dared to treat him with familiarity, indeed he never felt so small and of so little account as when listening to the mocking voice of this redoubtable enemy of the magistrates. The latter always addressed the little man in a spirit of mocking raillery; it suited his temper to prod and puncture the vanity of his host. This whimsical habit was stimulated by the knowledge of the other's delight in humbling and terrorizing others.

On this night Mr. Cho welcomed the huge robber. He was not sure that his visitor had not come to make another demand on him for some unholy deed for which he had already been paid two or three times, but it was a time when he did not want to be left alone. During the early part of the evening he had called for his servants, but they were not to be found. Muttering dire revenge when next he could lay hands upon them, he withdrew to the inner quarters and lighting ex-

tra candles trimmed them till they burned up brightly, then sat down to listen to the storm.

When Bali knocked, he met him with real pleasure in his little heart though he covered his feelings with an imperturbable face. Bali laid off his oiled coat, kicked off his wet sandals at the door, and mopping his wet face with a huge cloth he drew from his sleeve, took the proffered seat, the seat of honor over the fire-place. He smiled at the unwonted courtesy on the part of his host; it presaged a request to execute some plan of cupidity for the humiliation of others.

"Well, well," was Bali's first remark, "Fearful storm for any one to be in to-night. Think of a man wandering homeless in such a storm. Bad wouldn't it be, eh? Hard enough on a man however strong he might be. It made me pant to breast that wind. Ah, a jolly breeze it is!" His host nodded his appreciation. "Yes," continued, Bali, "Hard on a rough chap like me, but what would a weak little woman do in this storm, eh? one who had lived in silks and sat at ease all her life; one for instance who had lived all her married life under the loving protection of an indulgent husband. I have no doubt that there is one such daintily clad woman, a mere lass, with a pretty face, offering her own frail body to shield her sweet faced baby from this cursed storm. But then, she despised her husband's unselfish love and in sheer wantonness left his roof, eh," he added after a pause looking solemnly at Mr. Cho. "To ignore such a huzzy or even to turn her from the door would be just and right in every way. It could but inspire a feeling of contented satisfaction in the gentle heart of the much injured husband. Yes, my dear sir," he continued musingly, "the feeling of revenge must be sweet to know that the helpless little thing is staggering about in this storm trying to protect her baby, her silks torn and blackened with mud; hungry and nothing to feed the crying baby; perhaps anon sitting beside the storm-swept road in helpless misery. Wives must obey, and the satisfaction of having made an example of the little huzzy must make the home of that husband cheery this stormy night," and Bali glanced at the second lighted candle.

"Stop your noise," shouted Mr. Cho, his face black with wrath, "What business have you talking of my—" Here he paused, for it had not been long since he had in great wrath cursed the mocking Bali for hinting that he now had a wife.

"Eh?" said Bali in an assumed wonder, "You did not finish your sentence. I do not wonder your wrath is kindled against this unfortunate lady. You have my sympathy. She was gentle and gracious till the neighbors called her the queen of the country, and yet she was that naughty as to run counter to your wishes. Queer how so gentle a breast could carry so much evil. Notwithstanding all this I hope she is under shelter to-night. Yet I would not want to appear disloyal to you, my friend, in wishing her that shelter. I do not blame you for driving her out when the whole country-side wondered how such a fiend as you could get so virtuous and glorious a woman. To call her glorious and you a fiend was bad and she ought to starve by the wayside. No doubt she ought to perish if she did not think just exactly as her all-wise husband thought; did she not bow in the corner and declare her love to her maker just exactly as her husband thought best, or if she neglected to worship the devil that had inspired her husband to throttle a man, she ought to be punished. Sure, she ought to have prayed to you and not to God. Such an almighty creature are you that you ought with the aid of that gentle, refined heart of yours to satisfy her hungry soul for love and protection. Any one could see even on the day you drove her forth that you were unselfish and good. Her gaping wounds proclaimed to the neighbors your love for her."

Experience had taught Mr. Cho that resentment and protest only inspired Bali to torture him farther, so he writhed on his mat in impotent rage.

"Yes," Bali mused while watching his host out of the corner of his eye, "Martha and baby would like to rest their weary heads on that husband's protecting breast to-night. Why, man," he added leaning forward and tapping his host on the knee, "Do you know that a delicate woman like Martha would drown out in this storm as surely as she would had you thrown her in the river."

"Drop it," shouted the little man jumping to his feet and flourishing a fan over his head as if it had been an executioner's axe.

"Ah," interrupted Bali, soothingly, "You seem unwell, my friend; I fear the storm has got on your nerves. What a pity Madam Cho is not here to—."

A distant roar choked the words in Bali's throat. Bali sprang to the door and listened attentively, but could see nothing but blackness. A flash of lightning cut the darkness but he could see only the roofs of the sleeping town. A moment later there was a crash and the cries of men mingled with the turmoil of flood. The outer buildings of the Cho compound crumbled at the first onslaught. The central structure, covered with many tons of earth and tiles, and partially protected by its situation on higher ground stood but shook like a reed in the flood. The door was wrung from Bali's grasp and hurled away in the darkness, the room immediately filled, as would a vessel that had been thrust beneath the surface. Mr. Cho was fairly carried across the room, and the water plunged through the door of the adjoining room and carried the door with it. Bali steadied himself by placing his hand against the wall. When he removed his hand the plaster fell off and slid away in the whirling current. The room filled with frightful rapidity.

Mr. Cho cried out in wild fear, "Bali, help, I am drowning!" he said.

Bali reached his long arms out in the darkness and lifted the little man who was indeed already choking, his mouth barely above the water which was rapidly deepening. Bali held him for a moment in his giant arms then thrust him as he would a wet garment on top of a long shelf that ran lengthwise with the building. There he lay, shivering with fear and occasionally calling to Bali for help.

The water had reached to Bali's shoulders and fearing that he would himself be drowned as a rat in a hole he made his way to the door but found the water above the top of the low entrance, and to pass out would require him to dive beneath and then work his way beyond the long eaves of the house

before he could come to the surface. In the mean time where might the current carry him, and what of Mr. Cho, for he had no idea of deserting the man to his fate without first making a struggle to save him. He took note of the height of water as it rested on the point of his shoulders. He waited to see if it was still rising, and had time to reflect on the cause of the flood. He knew the stream every foot to its head waters; there was no dam nor any kind of obstruction its whole length. Perhaps no man in the land was as little the victim of superstition as was Bali, yet he shivered at the thought of the strange phenomenon; it seemed causeless, uncanny.

Mr. Cho still called for help. "Shut up!" Bali commanded roughly. "Close your mouth or I will choke the life out of you," and he made his way across the room in the dark and placed his broad hand over the mouth of the frightened man. "I will kill you, you vermin, if you don't stop that racket," he shouted. "Use your brain, you have wit enough; think how we are to get out of this."

Soon the blackness within was relieved by a thin streak of light running the length of the room. It gave Bali an idea and he pulled off the plaster and a strip of cornstock lath from the wall. The light was sufficient for Bali and Mr. Cho to see each other. Instead of allaying the small man's fears the sight of the water only revealed to him their desperate situation. Bali also took note of the alarming manner in which the house shook and swayed under the battering of the river. He knew that unless the water immediately subsided the building must collapse. He could not estimate when that would be, as he had not the slightest idea of the cause of the flood.

He turned quickly to Mr. Cho whose face was blue with fear. "Come, now," said Bali, "You must plunge into the water and out of your own door and swim for it." "But I can't," he wailed, "I can't swim, indeed I can't."

"Can't," repeated Bali with scorn, "You know the way well enough. You have traveled it many years; you drove your wife out of it, now go yourself." Bali seized him as if to hurl him into the water, while Mr. Cho begged piteously and

clung to his huge arm. "I can't," he whispered, "mercy, I can't!"

With an imprecation of disgust, Bali thrust the man back on the shelf. "Drown! a rat like you ought to drown. What, a thing like you drown and die like other men? A coward should be destroyed as you would destroy any other vermin." He stood a moment looking at the man, still hesitating to leave him.

"Ah-a," he drawled, assuming the old tone of mockery. You will float easily, such a bag of vanity, so much pride could not sink, and then, too, my dear friend, so much virtue could not be washed out by this little stream; the world simply could not spare you; surely, some good devil of the deep would bear you safely ashore. Any one of the many devils for whose sake you beat your wife from the door would certainly be tickled to float by your side. So just trust to your own worth and the work you have done for the devils and strike out." Remember and dive deep," he added, dropping his bantering tone, "You must swim beyond the long eaves before you come to the surface." He reached out to seize the terror-stricken man. At that moment the head of Mr. Kim shot above the water and called forth a scream from Mr. Cho.

The dim light had prevented Mr. Kim from seeing Bali, till the latter arrested Mr. Kim's onslaught on Mr. Cho with a long laugh. "Why," he said, "the preacher has more wit than Bali. Of course it was the hole in the gable in the opposite room. An advantage of viewpoint, friend, you looking from the outside and I from the in." For an instant Mr. Kim released his hold on Mr. Cho with a violent start, then pinching his arms to his side by wrapping his own about the small man, and with the other hand over Mr. Cho's mouth he carried him rapidly to the opposite end of the room and plunged with his burden through the low door and rose to the surface on the other side, Mr. Cho coughing and spitting and begging to be taken out of danger, much as would a child beg for aid.

In the window clinging to the slats sat the hermit, the picture of the water demon, and as the heads of the three men appeared above the water his teeth showed in a long grin, but

whether the look was from pleasure or dissatisfaction could not be told.

"On to the roof," shouted Mr. Kim as soon as he could shake the water from his eyes, "On to the roof and take the man." The hermit obeyed instantly and swung himself on the roof with astonishing agility and ease. Reaching down his long arm he seized Mr. Cho by the arm and swung him to the ridge as he would have deposited a bag of sand, and without glancing in his direction, he again slipped down into the water below the open window and motioned Mr. Kim to precede him out of danger. The preacher motioned the hermit to lead the way, but with a dogged shake of the head he slipped further into the water. It was with difficulty that Mr. Kim worked his way through the narrow aperture and up on to the roof by the side of Mr. Cho. As he looked back Bali was trying to follow through the narrow opening with many a sputter and fierce imprecation at the smallness of the hole. The heavy slats held his burly form.

"Curses upon the monkey Cho and the preacher too," he called as he strained at the frame that held and suspended him in mid-air. At that moment he glanced down and saw the hermit beneath him clinging to the rope with just his head above water.

"Ah, the devil is down there," he announced soberly. "Now you be a good devil," he said as if he were trying to soothe an irate fiend. "By the way did your satanic majesty raise this delightful shower and start this gentle brook, eh? See here, friend devil, you mountain of muscle, how did the preacher get through here? Was it a trick, a sleight of hand, learned from his profession? My sides not being greased I can not play the crab neither forward nor backward. If you will take time from staring at me you will note the fact that this rat-trap is going to pieces, and I have just a faint suspicion that I shall not be able to swim off with the whole of it like a snail over the slime of a paddy field. Come now, muscle mountain, give a heave at these bars and I will give you the best chance to be pummeled you have ever had. Give a heave here and I will wallop you as soon as we get ashore, I swear it, I will lick

the life out of you. Isn't that inducement enough? Stop your grinning and come up, do you hear? Were it not raining I would spit on you. Five minutes and this old box will go to pieces. A fine way for Bali to finish his course."

The hermit gazed back into Bali's face, his tusks showing but whether in a grin of amusement or in hate Bali could not tell. Slowly he climbed to the window and thrusting one hand between Bali's yielding body and the frame, placed a foot against the building, and straightening himself backwards, tore the frame from the building. In a moment Bali was out on the rope. At that instant a shock from a crumbling house above shook the building to which they were clinging and the tiles at the end slipped into the water. Bali saw the rain of tiles and tried to shield his head with one arm but they swept him from the rope down upon the hermit who was carried into the water with Bali but still clinging to the rope. Bali's head appeared for a moment three yards away and then disappeared. Instantly the hermit slipped into the water and sped after the dark patch of hair that started for a moment just above the surface of the water and then disappeared. A dozen yards away was the leafless trunk of a gnarled and crooked pine, its distorted branches and knotted limbs pushing their way aggressively out of the water. In this direction the eddies spun in miniature whirlpools, till within a few feet of the tree, when they would disappear in the churning dancing waters about this obstruction and then beyond, away they whirled in a merry race for the center of the raging flood. These gyrating funnels of water bore the unconscious Bali and his pursuer toward the half-sunken tree.

Before Mr. Kim on the house-top and the people on the shore could realize the threatened tragedy a long arm shot from beneath the surface and a mighty hand closed about a limb of the tree. It was immediately followed by the head and shoulders of the hermit who shook himself as a huge mastiff. From this position of advantage he drew up the other arm and the body of the robber chief was balanced across his shoulders. In another moment they were in the tree, the hermit holding the unconscious Bali. It was the work of a mo-

ment for Mr. Kim to reach the tree with his rope and effect a rescue. A little later, on the muddy banks of the river, Bali looked up into the faces of a score of men and women and then scowlingly got to his feet. He put his hand to his head where a strip of white cloth, torn from his own jacket, had been fastened. Removing his hand he looked at the red stain and then at the back of the Hermit who was helping Mr. Kim rescue other imperiled villagers. A little later he was working with astonishing energy, leading another group of villagers in the help of rescue, but quite apart from Mr. Kim and the hermit.

In the afternoon the flood subsided rapidly and when night set in the foundation stones of the little church could be seen, and the home of Mr. Cho had been nearly drained of water though the portion of the house where Bali and Mr. Cho had been imprisoned had collapsed and presented a sorry sight of ruin.

All day the hermit kept close at the heels of Mr. Kim, watching his every move and often forstalling the latter in the performance of some task. In the lifting and removal of wreckage to liberate some imprisoned sufferer he performed prodigious feats but always with the air that Mr. Kim wanted it done.

When darkness came and nothing more could be done the group of rescuers turned their steps towards a village ten li away to secure shelter for the night. None of them had had food since the previous night.

(To be Continued).

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